Numb. 8.

The TORY TATLER.

Tu Mater, *rerum inventrix, tu patria nobis*
Suppeditas præcepta ; tuiſq; ex, Inclyta, chartis
———Depaſcimur aurea dicta,
Aurea perpetua ſemper digniſſima Vita. Lucr.

From *Monday December* 11. to *Wedneſday December* 13. 1710.

From my own Apartment, Dec. 12.

AS I was examining not long ſince the Manuſcripts I had in my Study, it was with infinite Satisfaction I found among them my great Grand-Mother's Receipt-Book; which for Antiquity, Copiouſneſs, Delicacy and Variety excells all that's extent of that kind and than which there never was a more rich or noble Collection. In this glorious Work are contain'd infallible Remedies for incurable Diſeaſes and general Medicines for all Maladies, which are equally adapted to different Conſtitutions and different Ills, and which in the third Part of a ſecond, Remove all Aches, Pains and Uneaſineſs from the Patient, as ten thouſand dead Perſons have experienc'd and are willing to teſtify. Here are *Perfect Cures*, *Grand Elixirs*, *Royal Beautifiers*, *Incomparable Coſmeticks*, *Specific Antidotes* and *Chymical Quinteſſences*, whoſe wonderful Effects and ſurprizing Qualities are no leſs occult than rare. To theſe are added Directions for the making all manner of Jellies, Sweetmeats, Conſerves, Cordials, Reſtoratives, and ſtrengthening-Broths, all digeſted into a better Method than any I have ever yet ſeen and wrote in a more elegant Succinct Stile. This Book, as I have learnt, was conſulted by the admirable Author of the *Art of Cookery*, when he writ that ingenious Poem, and likewiſe by the famous Mr. *Lamb* in his accurate Treatiſe upon the ſame Subject, printed by *Able Roper*, nor do I in the leaſt doubt but the former will be ſo frank as to acknowledge himſelf not a little indebted to it. It is well known, my good Grannam *Prudence Stitchwell* employ'd near fifty Years in inriching this Diſpenſatory, and ſav'd neither Labour nor Expence to render it truly compleat. She was, *tho' I ſay it*, as Charitable to the Poor, as Liberal in the Diſtribution of her Medicines, and as notable a Woman as any in the County of *Surry*, *be the t'other who ſhe will*; nor need I regret the Deminution of my paternal Eſtate, ſince this Valuable Treaſure, which ſhe deſigned in general for the good of her Poſterity, is at laſt devolv'd upon me. I have ſometimes entertain'd thoughts of ſetting up my Coach and commencing Doctor, not doubting, but in a few Weeks, by the Aſſiſtance of this *Theſaurus*, I might be as wiſe and learned as moſt of the Faculty.

At other times I have had Intentions of making a preſent of it to *Greſham-Colledge*, or the *Bodleian* Library at *Oxford*; then again I have Thought it moſt convenient and advantageous to ſell the Copy, but that I wav'd, out of the great Regard I always bore the worthy Society of Apothecaries, there being a malicious Index at the End which explains the Meaning and Abſurdities of all the hard Words therein contain'd. I ſhall therefore reſerve it for my own private Uſe, and the rather, becauſe there are ſeveral Curioſities in it, that may be diverting to my Readers: among the reſt, I lately found under the Head of Apple-Pye, a nice and perfect Account of the Origin, Progreſs, Art and Method of that incomparable Viand, elegently digeſted into Metre, in the following manner.

APPLE-PYE.

Of all the Delicates which Brittons trie
To pleaſe the Palate and delight the Eye ;
Of all the ſeveral Kinds of ſuptuous Fare,
There's none that can with Apple-Pye compare
For coſtly Flavour, or ſubſtantial Paſte,
For outward Beauty, or for inward Taſte.

When firſt this infant Diſh in Faſhion came,
The Ingredients were but coarſe, and rude the Frame;
As yet unpoliſh'd in the modern Arts,
Our Fathers eat brown Bread inſtead of Tarts ;

Pyes

Pyes were but undigeſted Lumps of Dough,
Till Time and juſt Expence improv'd 'em ſo.

King Col *(as ancient Britiſh Annalls tell)*
Renown'd for Fidling and for eating well;
Pippins in homely Cakes with Honey ſtew'd;
Juſt as he bak'd (the Proverb ſays) he brew'd.
Their greater Art ſucceeding Princes ſhow'd,
And modell'd Paſte into a neater Mode:
Invention now grew lively, Palate nice,
And Sugar pointed out the Way to Spice.

But here for Ages unimprov'd we ſtood,
And Apple-Pye was ſtill but homely Food;
When Godlike Edgar *of the* Saxon *Line,*
Polite of Taſt and ſtudious to refine,
In the Deſſert perfuming Quinces caſt,
And perfected with Cream the rich Repaſt.
Hence we proceed the outward Parts to trim,
With Crinckumcranks adorn the poliſh'd Brim;
And each freſh Pye the pleas'd Spectator greets
With Virgin Fancies and with new Conceits.

Dear Nelly, *learn with Care the Paſtry Art,*
And mind the eaſie Precepts I impart.
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And ceaſe not to fatigue your Rowling-Pin:
Of Eggs and Butter ſee you mix enough,
For then the Paſte will ſwell into a Puff,
Which will in crimpling Sounds your Praiſe report,
And eat, as Houſewives ſpeak, exceeding ſhort.
Rang'd in thick Order let your Quinces lie,
They give a charming Reliſh to a Pye:
If you are wiſe, you'll not brown Sugar ſlight,
The browner, if I form my Judgment right,
A deep Vermillion Tincture will diſpenſe,
And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.

When this is done, there will be wanting ſtill
The juſt Reſerve of Cloves and candy'd Peel;
Nor can I blame you, if a Drop you take
Of Orange-Water for perfuming Sake.

But here, the Nicety of Art is ſuch,
There muſt not be too little nor too much:
If with Diſcretion you theſe Coſts employ;
They quicken Appetite; if not, they cloy.

Next in your Mind this Maxim firmly root;
Never o'er-charge your Pye with uſeleſs Fruit;
Oft let your Bodkin thro' the Lid be ſent,
To give the kind impriſon'd Treaſure vent;
Leſt the fermenting Liquor cloſely preſt,
Inſenſibly by conſtant fretting waſt,
And o'er-inform the Tenement of Paſte.

To chuſe your Baker, think and think agen:
(You'll ſcarce one honeſt Baker find in Ten)
Aduſt and brus'd I've often ſeen a Pye
In rich Diſguiſe and coſtly Ruin lie;
While penſive Cruſt beheld its Form o'erthrown,
Exhauſted Apples griev'd their Moiſture flown,
And Sirrups from the Sides ran trickling down.

O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell,
While the hot-piping Odours ſtrongly ſmell,
While the delicious Fume creates a Guſt,
To lick th' o'erflowing Juice, or bite the Cruſt.

You'll rather ſtay, (if my Advice may rule)
Until the Hot's corrected by the Cool:
Till you've infus'd the luſcious Store of Cream,
And chang'd the Purple for a Silver Stream:
Till that ſmooth Viand its mild Force produce,
And give a Softneſs to the tarter Juice.

Then ſhalt thou pleas'd the noble Fabrick view,
And have a Slice into the Bargain too;
Honour and Fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat what you ſo richly make.

Advertiſements.

ALL *thoſe Perſons, who ſhall pleaſe to honour me with their Correſpondence, are deſired to direct for* The Tory Tatler *at* John Baker's *at the* Black-Boy *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

† A Poem to the merry Memory of thoſe two famous *Pains-Takers Hugh Peters* and Dr. *Burgeſs*, lately deceas'd, will ſoon be publiſh'd, wherein the Proceedings of the Righteous in *Hugo*'s Days, and the Godly of *Dan*'s will be ſet in an agreeable Light.

N. B. This Piece is drawn by a Wicked One, and humbly inſcrib'd to our Whigg, Moderate, and diſſenting Church Brethren.

This Week will be publiſh'd

† Les Tours D'une Tabatiere, or the Travels and Misfortunes of the Enchanted Snuff-Box, humbly Inſcrib'd to Iſaac Bickerſtaff Eſq. *Printed for* J. Baker *at the* Black Boy *in* Pater-Noſter-Row. price 3 d.

Juſt publiſh'd the 3d Edition, corrected and amended according to that publiſh'd by Order of the Clerk of the Crown, of

*** A Compleat Liſt of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, with the Commons of Great Britain, both of the late Parliament diſſolv'd Sept. 23, 1710, and the preſent Parliament ſummon'd to meet Nov. 25. 1710. contriv'd ſo in Columns, and diſtinguiſh'd by Characters, that the Reader may at one view ſee what Alterations have been made, and gueſs at the Strength and Weakneſs of each Intereſt, in 8vo. fit for the Pocket, or to bind up with Dr. Sacheverell's Trial. pr. 2 d. Printed for J. Baker at the Black Boy in Pater-Noſter-Row.

Lately printed,

*** The Impartial Secret Hiſtory of Arlus, Fortunatus, and Odolphus, Miniſters of State to the Empreſs of Grand-Inſula, in which are diſcover'd, the true and Juſt Cauſes of the Removal of Arlus, who by his T———s Ad———n, rather Deſerv'd H——n's Pun———t, than Mordecai's Preferment; and Juſtice is done to the Character of Fortunatus and Odolphus, and they prov'd to have diſcharg'd their Truſts with Equal Honour, Honeſty and Succeſs. Humbly offer'd to thoſe Good People of Grand-Inſula who love their Country, are not bigoted to a Party, and blinded by the Fulſom Flatteries beſtow'd on Arlus by a Gang of Mercenaries. price 6 d.

Sold by *John Baker* at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row.*